A

Glimpse of Hell:

Or a short

DESCRIPTION,

OF

The Common SIDE

OF

NEWGATE.

Facilis descensus Averni. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO ALL

My Quod COMPANIONS

And,

Pretended FRIENDS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am asham'd to send to you, and suppose you are asham'd to come; and so I presume between Modesty in me, and Pride in you, we shall never meet again: If so, then as you will do me no Good, So we shall never do each other any Personal Damage. I have ever been Just to all Men, and too Generous to some; and might reasonably

H. T

ſonably challenge a Right to ſome Return, from both, but eſpecially the latter: But Juſtice alone is more than I have lately found; or elſe I had not been where I was, to have made the following Obſervations.

I alſo obſerve, that as our Cellar-Keeper looks on Debtors, as the greateſt Criminals, becauſe they have generally the leaſt Money; ſo, for the ſame Reaſon, I was accounted a Criminal amongſt you and the World; But as the World values me, ſo I value the World; and Condemn it of Errors, as it does me of Crimes; for I am in Principle

June 13. 1704

22 JY63

Semper idem,

T. H.

A

Glimpse of HELL:

Or,

A ſhort DESCRIPTION,

OF THE

Common Side of *NEWGATE*.

HOW oft in theſe misjudging Times,
Are Men's Misfortunes counted Crimes?
And Barb'rouſly moſt Mortals ſtripe
For Debt to bury Men alive!

And think a Priſon is the way,
To force poor Men their Debts to pay ;
Which ſurely is the backward way.
For view the Man when in Diſgrace,
However Squinting gloomy Face
Seems to decypher out its Hate
By baſe Reflections on his Fate :
And Preach Repentance when too late!
See how they lift their hands and Eyes,
And put the Man in worſe ſurprize,
To multiply his Miſeries !

Some thro' *Extravagance* grow *poor* ;
Others by *Loſſes* ſink their *Store* ;
Yet equal Cenſures on them fall ;
They equal pity have from all.

So,

So Knaves, in an Impriſon'd State,
With Honeſt Men ſhare equal Fate:
For let the Cauſe be what it will,
The Conſequence makes all things ill;
And ſome Men think Incarceration
Works in all Men a Reformation;
And makes a Sot become a Saint;
And teaches Libertines Reſtraint:
And verily, to ſpeak the Truth,
'Tis a fit School to Tutor Youth;
If Want (the Mother of Invention)
If noiſy Nonſenſe and Contention,
If Fraud, Deceit, and Treachery,
If Whoredom, and if Sodomy,
And every dreadful Conſequence
Of Drunkenneſs, that drowns the Senſe,

Can work a happy Reformation,
Newgate's the only School i' th' Nation:
Of which I will a Proſpect give,
And tell you how the Captives live,
That on the *Common Side* are penn'd,
Till Debts are paid, or Life doth end.

They trouble not th' Upholſter's Trade,
Their Beds are by the Joyner made,
Of Sturdy *Oak*, that will not fail,
Except a ſofter Board of *Deal*,
That is reſerv'd for Quality,
For Softneſs, not Formality:
And here they take a ſweet Repoſe,
With Houſe of Office at their Noſe.

When

When *Phœbus* peeps each lifts his head,
From *Oak* or *Deal*, no other Bed,
And at the Grate receives his Bread;
And he that is quite void of Chink,
Muſt ſtand the Cruiſe all day for drink.
But when the Kettle-Day appears,
And Cook and Swobbers fill your Ears
With Noiſie Dinn, of this and that;
One Swears the Bread drinks all the Fat;
Another Swears it is the Sprouts;
So Argument produceth Doubts.
But when they ceaſe their needleſs clack,
And every one has got his *Snack*,
Some hungry Souls, with ſcarce a Ragg on,
Cut, ſlaſh, and eat, like hungry Dragon;

And greaſe themſelves from Jaw to Groyn;
For Napkins are as ſcarce as Coyn:
And then their Progg for to digeſt,
Friend *Serjant*'s Pot can have no Reſt;
But Ecchoes from the Sashes go,
Of *Serjant! Serjant!* heard at *Bow.*
Pegg! D--- you, B—ch, here's ready Chink,
We ſtay and Starve for want of Drink:
And muſt a Pris'ner want a Pot,
Whilſt he has ready Specie got?
Make haſt, you Wh---e, and bring the Smoak,
And Pipes; we have, no *Beaus* to choak;
Nor Squeamiſh Ladies, but we have
True Sons of Sots, and Hectors brave,
Cæſar's for Drinking, and we've Choice
Of Ladies, Pritty, yet not Nice.

They're

They're Women of Experience,
Fit Company for Men of Sense.

Then *Punchenello* bends his Brow,
And He, because his Voice is low,
Steps to the *Sashes* now and then,
And only calls for *Coffee-Ben*:
For since poor *Russel's* Shoulder-Shot,
Ben takes the turn of *Serjeant's* Lot,
And *Tom's* preparing for his End,
And makes *Jack Ketch* his only Friend.
Who Rent-free lets him have his Kitchin,
And let it out to Whore and Bitch in.
Tom some Advantage makes of this,
When *B---ch* and Bully want to kiss.

And

And manages the Tack ſo well,
He's fit to be Cock-Bawd of Hell.
When Pots on Pots are Multiply'd,
Some merry, others ſtupifi'd,
Some Laugh, ſome Cry, ſome Fight, ſome Play,
Some Curſe, ſome Swear, ſome Preach ſome Pray,
Till having Drank away their Reaſon,
Their Wits begin to be in Seaſon;
And ev'ry ſingle Word they ſpoke,
Stunk both of Logick, and of Smoak.
In Learned Nonſenſe, Wit they ſmother,
And no Man underſtands another.
Yet from this Syllogiſtick noiſe,
There's this Advantage does ariſe,
That whilſt the Argument is hot,
The *Thief* lays hold on *Serjant*'s Pot,

And

And if a Pocket open lye,
Some handy Spark his Skill muſt try,
But when the pilf'ring Theft appears,
They fall together by the Ears;
The *Priſon*'s then in Damn'd Confuſion,
'Twixt Major, Minor and Concluſion:
Whilſt all the Thieves ſtand grinning by,
And do the Premiſes deny.
Mean while, the Noiſe for to avoid,
Some honeſt Debtors ſtep aſide
Into the Cellar; hoping there,
To drink a Serious Pot of Beer;
Where ſcarcely down they had been ſet,
But in the grand Banditti get;
With Bloody Oaths and gingling Fetters,
And *S—s* Proclaims ſcour out the Debtors;

Thoſe piteous Rogues, that taſt no Drink,
Out of my Bung, whilſt they have Chink;
Make Room for theſe brave Sons of *Mars*,
The *Debtors* are not worth mine A—ſe.
With ſuch commanding Voice and Meen,
As would become Old *Pluto*'s Queen.
And give her *Devilſhip* her due,
She ſcorns to ſpeak or reckon true;
And what She wants in Sober Sence,
Is well ſupply'd with Impudence;
For that's the beſt Accompliſhment
Obtained by Impriſonment.
She's of our School i' th' higheſt Claſs,
And ſhows a Face of ſolid Braſs.

I've

I've heard an Ancient Story read,
Of *Fryer Bacon*'s Brafen head;
How by its Magick he had found
A way to wall the *Nation* round:
But if that Brafen Poll could do't,
That ſpoke but once, and then was mute,
Sure She, with her perpetual Clack,
That's *Braſs* and *Brimſtone* to the back,
Might by her Study ſoon find out
A way to wall the *World* about:
For by her ſtanding in the College,
She's furniſh'd well with Dev'liſh Knowlege;
But now the Royal *Act* of *Grace*
Is come, We hope She'll quit the Place;

And

And go from hence to *Pluto*'s Cell
To ſeek a Fellowſhip in *Hell*;
And there we'll leave our *Jeſabel*.

The Evening draws on, and now
They're all as drunk as *David's Sow*,
And all the Ready Rhinoe's Spent,
And ev'ry Soul's a *Malecontent*,
(For empty Poke and empty Pots,
Give muckle Grief to drunken Sots)
And *Miſſes* will no longer ſtay,
But do appoint another day;
Except ſome well train'd She of Fame,
Who has forgot to bluſh for Shame,
And willingly will ſtay all Night,
And turn up Tail in open ſight.

When

When *Cerb'rus* ſhoots his Wooden Gun,
Four *Dæmons* in a hurry run,
And at the Grate thoſe Furies ſtand;
Each with a flaming Torch in hand:
Theſe Demy-Devils cry aloud,
And ſuddenly diſperſe the Crowd;
And every Felon do expell
From Hall and Cellar, to his Cell.

And now, the Coaſt it ſeeming clear,
And Debtors lock'd up in *Tangier*,
In comes a Laden Privateer.
For *Newgate* is the common Port,
Where ſuch like cruiſing Ships reſort;
And having there diſcharg'd her Prize,
She then a while at Anchor lyes,

Till

Till Cargo's ſold, and Money ſpent,
And then again to Sea She's ſent:
Where Storms ſometimes her Topmaſt low'r,
And by the *Pump* She ſuffers ſore,
And often has her Rigging tore;
But, trading long from Coaſt to Coaſt,
In *Tiburn* Road our Ship is loſt
For want of Wind; (ſtrange Paradox!)
Neither by Storms, nor Craggy Rocks,
But in a Calm, hard was her Fate!
She liv'd too long, and dy'd too late.
Some *Frigats* mourn her, but the *Draper*
And *Milliner*, that ne're could 'ſcape her,
At her Diſaſter make a Jeſt,
And wiſh like Fate attend the reſt

Of

Of her Fraternity ——
—— But now,
Pray let us take a careful View
Of Women Debtors in their Ward,
Who neither fear nor have Regard
To God or Man, or Moral Laws,
But plague the World without a Cauſe.
There is but *Three* of them in all,
And tho' that number be but ſmall,
Yet they ſo exerciſe their Tongues,
And try the force of each one's Lungs,
That ſome affirm it to be true,
Fire from their Eyes and Noſtrils flew;
But whether that be true or not,
I've ſeen a well fill'd Chamber Pot,

Like

Like Lightning, toſs'd from hand to hand,
Till tyr'd with Stink, they Breathleſs ſtand.
But Silence for a Minute's pain,
Old B—ch, Damn'd B—d one cries again;
I'll rip you up, and ſplit your Scull,
You curſt confounded dirty Trull.
The Matron, much enraged, cry's,
You naſty B—ch, pray ceaſe your noiſe,
You Copper C—t—d Pocky W—e,
I ne'r was burnt i' th' Cheek, as you're;
I ne'r ſaw ſuch a piteous Trull,
So follow'd by a Simple Cull,
As ſpends his Time and Money too,
On ſuch a Thieviſh Jilt as you:
But ſince you bounce at ſuch a rate,
I'll ſtop his Entrance at the Grate.

So

So ever ſince poor Cully-Fop
From Doxy-Miſs has found a ſtop.

A Time-worn Matron lying by,
Bed-ridden, but afraid to dye—
(For She an Oath has lately taken,
That broils her Soul like ruſty Bacon)
Forthwith, in *Engliſh* and *Welſh* Splutter,
Endeavours all her Spleen to utter;
For if She be of *Taffy*'s Blood,
You may be ſure her Spirit's good:
She vig'rouſly with Tongue and Heart,
Eſpouſes young *Miſs-Ketche*'s part;
And puts herſelf in ſtinking Pother,
For to indignifie the other;

And to the Regulator then
She goes, and sets to work his Pen;
From which true Nonsense freely flows,
And he a Story does Compose;
On which the *Matron* Sentence straight,
To lodge in Dungeon dark as Night;
So Mischief constantly they brew,
And make Complaints, some false some true;
But those that are without a Cause,
Have most Redress, and most Applause;
For *Justice* with the Goaler's Trade,
In ev'ry point goes cheek by jowl;

Now

Now, Gentle Reader, wou'd you know
How Pris'ners live, 'tis even ſo:
And every Man muſt be a Fool
That takes a Priſon for a School
Of Reformation; leſt it be
Religion and Morality,
Quite to abandon and forſake,
And throughly learn to be a Rake.

FINIS.

Now, Gentle Reader, would you know
How Pris'ners live, 'tis even so:
And every Man must be a Fool
That takes a Prison for a School
Of Reformation; left it be
Religion and Morality,
Quite to abandon and forsake,
And throughly learn to be a Rake.

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F I N I S.